

Ed Meek

The End of Summer

You can hardly blame August for the heat
that has your molecules slow dancing.

August hangs onto summer
like an old lover. The days
stretch out like hands
reaching across the bed.

The sun, unyielding at noon,
seems ready to take the plunge
into the ocean after dinner.
He sings the sky orange as he sinks.

Still, isn't it always dark
sooner than you expect?

Ed Meek has had poems recently in *The Sun*, *Cream City Review* and *Post Poetry*. He has poems coming out in *Muscle and Blood*, and *War, Literature and the Arts*. His last book is *What We Love*.